

FACULTY OF MUSIC
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

PRESENTS THE

University Singers

MICHAEL COGHLAN, CONDUCTOR

WALTER HALL

MONDAY NOVEMBER 18, 1985

8 PM

PROGRAMME

Cantate, BWV 161, 'Komm du süsse Todesstunde'

J.S. Bach
(1685-1750)

Lisa Gaasenbeek, mezzo-soprano
Robert Dirstein, tenor

Ave Maria

Sergei Rachmaninoff
(1873-1943)

Ave Maria

Heitor Villa-Lobos
(1887-1959)

Ave Maria

Igor Stravinsky
(1882-1971)

INTERMISSION

Four Choral Pieces, Op. 59

Robert Schumann
(1810-1856)

1. North or South
2. At the Lake of Constance
3. Hunter's Song
4. Good Night

Krista Attwell, Soprano

The Bard of Do-wop (three excerpts)

Michael Coghlan

Cantate, BWV 161, 'Komm du süsse Todesstunde'

J.S. Bach

Arie (mit Choral) A.

Komm, du süße Todesstunde,
Da mein Geist
Honig speist
Aus des Löwen² Munde;
Mache meinen Abschied süße,
Saume nicht,
Letztes Licht,
Daß ich meinen Heiland küsse.

Rezitativ T.

Welt, deine Lust ist Last,
Dein Zucker ist mir als ein Gift verhaßt,
Dein Freudenlicht
Ist mein Komete,
Und wo man deine Rosen bricht,
Sind Dornen ohne Zahl
Zu meiner Seele Qual.
Der blaue Tod ist meine Morgenröte,
Mit³ solcher geht mir auf die Sonne
Der Herrlichkeit und Himmelswonne.
Drum seufz ich recht von Herzengrunde
Nur nach der letzten Todesstunde.
Ich habe Lust bei Christo bald zu weiden,
Ich habe Lust von dieser Welt zu scheiden.⁴

Arie T.

Mein Verlangen
Ist, den Heiland zu umfassen
Und bei Christo bald zu sein.
Ob ich sterblich¹ Asch und Erde⁵
Durch den Tod zermalmet werde,
Wird der Seele reiner Schein
Dennoch gleich den Engeln prangen.

Rezitativ A.

Der Schluß ist schon⁶ gemacht,
Welt, gute Nacht!
Und kann ich nur den Trost erwerben,
In Jesu Armen bald zu sterben:⁷
Er ist mein sanfter Schlaf.
Das kühle Grab wird mich mit Rosen decken,
Bis Jesus mich wird auferwecken,
Bis er sein Schlaf
Führt auf die süße Lebensweide⁸,
Daß⁹ mich der Tod von ihm nicht scheide.
So brich herein, du froher Todestag,
So schlage doch, du letzter Stundenschlag!

Chor

Wenn es meines Gottes Wille,
Wünsch ich, daß des Leibes Last
Heute noch die Erde fülle,
Und der Geist, des Leibes Gast,
Mit Unsterblichkeit sich kleide
In der süßen Himmelsfreude.
Jesu, komm und nimm mich fort!
Dieses sei mein letztes Wort.

Choral

Der Leib zwar in der Erden
Von Würmen wird verzehrt,
Doch auferweckt soll werden,
Durch Christus schön verklart,
Wird leuchten als die Sonne
Und leben ohne Not

1. ARIA . . . Komm, du süsse Todesstunde.

Come, thine hour, kind death, is striking,
As honey sweet to me
From the lion's mouth flowing!
Fain I'd hence be heavenward facing!
Ne'er delay,
Come, last day!
Soon I'll be my Lord embracing!

2. RECIT. . . Welt, deine Lust ist Last.

World, know thy lure's accursed! Thy sweets are
poison to a soul athirst. Thy shining orb one day will
perish. The roses in thy gardens stored with treacherous
thorns do grow, as to my grief I know. For death's
pale dawn of hope I pine and languish! There, out of it
in brilliance rising, I see heaven's bliss and joy sur-
passing. I long therefore with all my being for death's
so laggardly appearing. In Christ's dear presence soon I
hope to find me, and from earth's cloying haunts to heaven
betake me.

3. ARIA . . . Mein Verlangen, mein Verlangen.

O, I'm longing, how I'm longing,
To embrace my Saviour loving
And with Him in heaven to be!
When dissolved I'm in ashes,
And the trump of Judgment crashes,
Then my soul shall Jesus see,
'Mid the angel legions thronging.

4. RECIT. . . Der Schluss ist schon gemacht.

Death sounds its solemn knell— World, fare thee
well! Soon may the boon by God be given me in Jesu's
loving arms to lay me! For death is but a sleep. The
grave, so cool, with roses sweet will guard me till
Jesus calls and trumpets wake me. He'll lead His sheep
to verdant meadows and fair pastures, where from
Him death ne'er separates us. Then, hasten, death!
O make no long delay! Come, toll thy knell, and let me
hence away!

5. CHORUS . . . Wenn es meines Gottes Wille.

If it be God's will and pleasure,
Let me, in the grave's dark gloom,
Lay me down and quit earth's treasure!
God is love! I'd meet my doom.
Hence my soul shall rise immortal
And with joy pass heaven's bright portal.
Jesus, call me hence to Thee:
This my dying word shall be!

6. CHORAL . . . Der Leib zwar in der Erden.

Though worms destroy my body
Within its earth-bound grave,
Yet one day Christ will call me,
And from the dark tomb save.
Then, clothed in radiant glory,
Before my God I'll sing
Of His great love the story—
O Death, where is thy sting?

Ave Maria

Ave Maria gratia plena
Dominus tecum
benedicta tu in mulieribus,
et benedicto fructus ventris, Jesus

Sancta Maria Mater Dei
Ora pro nobis peccatoribus
nunc, et in hora mortis nostrae
Amen

Ave Maria, full of grace,
God is with thee
Blessed art Thou among Women
O blessed be Thine offspring, Jesus

Holy Maria, Mother of Jesus
Pray, O pray for us,
Now and in death's hour
Amen

Four Choral Pieces, Op. 59

Robert Schumann

North or South (K. Lappe)

North or to South!
If your heart never loses
It's holy place for beauty and the muses.
There will the wealth of heaven flow.
Winter can murder but the empty spirit;
Will sparked with will shall never need to fear it.
North or to South!
If all the soul's aglow.

Good Night (F. Rueckert)

The fond good night with which I greet you,
Friend, you shall hear.
The angel messenger who meets you,
Soon shall appear.
He bears my words, and with your answer, returns on wings so light.
Now you may also hear my verses
Bid you good night.

The Bard of Do-wop (three excerpts)

(W. Shakespeare)

1. Under the Greenwood Tree

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

2. Oh Mistress Mine

Oh mistress mine! where are you roaming?
Oh! stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

3. Tell Me Where Is Fancy Bred

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell:
I'll begin it—Ding, dong, bell.
Ding, dong, bell.

A graduate of the Faculty of Music, University of Toronto, MICHAEL COGHLAN has been a member of the Theory and Composition department of the Faculty since 1979. He is also on staff as a lecturer and choral conductor at Scarborough College. As an arranger/composer, he is currently working on a set of pieces for Children's Choir for a 1986 recording project. This concert marks the beginning of Mr. Coghlan's third year as director of the University Singers.

UNIVERSITY SINGERS

Soprano

Krista Attwell
Helene Bernatchez
Linda Cappadocia
Nancy Ruth Chambers
Jennifer Hong
Miriam Pyykkonen
Jenny Salamin
Deanna Shinde
Elizabeth Wells
Maryellen Williamson
Tracy Yang

Alto

Kim Carmichael
Susan Chang
Cheryl Charman
Amanda de Boer
Sharon Ferguson
Anne Fortier
Tara Goodman
Michelle Green
Monika Kasprzak
Rebecca Leydon
Charlene Lippert
Lori McWilliam
Janice Mills
Chiara Mondelli
Magdalene Ng
Melody Noyes
Janet Stumpf

Susan Terry
England Tse
Kathleen Wood

Tenors

George Baranyai
Nelson Cheng
David Costa
Sophia Grigoriadis
Robert Hatnay
Michael McVeety
George Mulamoottil
Kevin Rooney
Nina Spatafora
Mark Steinmetz

Basses

Tim Boyd
Jeff Burke
John Gladwell
Brian Hill
David Ladoucer
David Mach
Wilson Man
Michael Niznik
Jim Peters
Juha Tikkanen
Jeremy Viinalass
Robin Wheeler

At the Lake of Constance (A. von Platen)

Swell out the canvas, favouring wind!
Carry my ship to the far harbour swiftly.
I must leave now, parting shall please me.

Swell out the canvas, favouring wind!
Though I've been lingering here in enchantment
Yonder, yonder cords draw me tenderly homeward.

To the fatherland I am returning,
Hoping there to clasp your lily fingers.
And my yearning for a closer bond may find it's end there.
To the fatherland I am returning.

Woe to me,
For you have gone before me,
To a better fatherland.
Woe to me.

Such is longing
That I too shall soon be sailing onward
To that better fatherland.
O dearest!

Hunter's Song (E. Moerike)

Graceful are the patterns stepped in snow,
Traced on mountain tops where wild birds go;
Finer still my darlings tender hand.
In her letters from the distant land.

To the heights the herons swiftly rise,
Where no bullet or sharp arrow flies.
Swifter far, a thousand fold as high.
Are the thoughts of lovers fond as I.

Country or town!

But rooms not close confining.

A bit of sky and warm rays brightly shining
Upon the branches clothed in green.

No one need travel, seeking joyful pleasure;
Fortune is nothing but an inner treasure.

Country or town!

These trifles are but toys.

Servant or Lord!

The monarch too is serving.

Give no command if we have found the way
We guide ourselves with wiser rule.

Pride never shall insult us with derision;
Only the servile bow to this oppression.

Servant or Lord!

But never slave or fool.

Youth or old!

Why should the past years grieve us?

The spirit's young and hair does not deceive us.

My head greys faster than my soul!

Hasten, you locks, your colour should be turning;

No need for shame if silver be your earning.

Youthful or old!

Stout hearts are never cold.

Come sleep or death!

O brothers, I am ready.

The day is done, my eyelids are grown heavy.

Life needs the joy it finds in dream.

But dreams are done; too soon life rushes by us.

O why such beauty if so soon denied us?

Come sleep or death!

Clear dawns the morning beam.

ORCHESTRA

Violin I

Geoff Nuttall

Angela Cox

Trevor Dick

Viola

Julian Fisher

Ross Daly

Alice Jackson

Violin II

Nancy Borusiewicz

Tracey Finn

Valerie Selander

Cello

Zoltan Rosznyai

Flute

Jennifer Cluff

Christine Feierabend

The Faculty of Music cordially invites you to attend other events in the Edward Johnson Building. Throughout the year there are many recitals by Faculty members and students as well as orchestra, band, choral, jazz and opera performances. Information is available in the Calendar of Events, which may be picked up in the Main Lobby near the Box Office. For information telephone 978-3744 or 978-3751.

Contributions for the scholarship or operating funds (payable to the University of Toronto and directed to the Faculty of Music) are most welcome, and are eligible for an income tax receipt. Please address donations or enquiries to Professor Carl Morey, Dean, Faculty of Music, University of Toronto, Toronto, Ontario M5S 1A1. Telephone 978-3761.

UPCOMING EVENTS AT THE FACULTY OF MUSIC

NOVEMBER 30

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO JAZZ ENSEMBLE.
PHIL NIMMONS, DIRECTOR
AN EVENING OF BIG BAND SOUNDS
8 PM MACMILLAN THEATRE \$5/\$3

DECEMBER 1

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO CONCERT BAND
WAYNE JEFFREY, CONDUCTOR
3 PM MACMILLAN THEATRE \$3

DECEMBER 2

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO CONCERT CHOIR,
ROBERT COOPER, CONDUCTOR
CHORAL MUSIC FOR THE NATIVITY SEASON
8 PM WALTER HALL \$3